

**THE
GREAT
ALASKAN
CRUISE**

1937

*To
my wife Eloise*

With all my love and affection



THE GREAT ALASKAN CRUISE*

By Robert (Bob) Utzinger



In 1937, five sixteen year-old Astoria Sea Scouts from the *SSS Flying Cloud* signed on for a summer cruise, traveling the Inside Passage from Seattle through Canadian waters, to Wrangell, Alaska and return.

Astorians All-Off Watch photo by Bob Utzinger
(L-R) Ken Murdock, Bob Utzinger, Ed Fearey,
Barney Bruce, Ray Horton

Making the trip were Barnard Bruce, Ed Fearey, Ray Horton, Ken Murdock and Bob Utzinger, all students at Astoria High School, who had just completed their sophomore year.

Four of the five had attended Lewis & Clark Grade and Junior High together. Ken Murdock moved to Astoria just prior to the start of his sophomore year at AHS.

All were rated as able-bodied Seamen by Sea Scout standards. They had been on many weekend cruises out of Astoria on the thirty-foot ketch, *Flying Cloud*, while under the leadership of Skipper Bryson Lausch, First Mate Les Horton, and Bos'n, Don Goodall. Earlier in the summer they had been transported to Portland on the Coast Guard Cutter *Onondaga*, and they proceeded to sail the ketch back to Astoria.

*This is how the participants refer to their teenage nautical adventure.

The *Flying Cloud* participated in many sailing races and was, to the author's knowledge, never defeated. In addition, the five were members of the eight oar whale boat racing crew which took on all comers in the Portland area and seldom lost a race. Ed Fearey was Coxswain, Barnard Bruce was Stroke and Bob Utzinger was Bow.

THE *TYEE SCOUT*

Our vessel was a fifty-foot motor sailer, the *Tyee Scout*, out of Seattle. Originally a U.S. Navy launch, it had a unique steering arrangement with an out board rudder mounted on the transom, controlled by a tiller, extending through a slot in the transom, attached to the tiller cables running from the wheel in the pilot house. There was a fairly large open cockpit at the stern with our long boat in davits on the port side and our dinghy with a bridle on the starboard side. The aft mast was rigged with a boom for lifting the dinghy and hoisting supplies aboard. The galley was just forward of the cockpit, which was the location of the crew's mess.

Amidships were the officers' comfortable quarters, and there was room in the cabin to read or play cards in the event of inclement weather.

Forward of the pilot house, the deck had been raised to create a fo'c'sle to which the Astoria contingent was assigned. The fo'c'sle was so cramped a submariner's quarters would appear spacious in comparison. It was impossible to turn over without disturbing the occupant of the bunk above. Our duffel bags hung from an overhead beam running down the center of the compartment. Continually swinging back and forth, these bags were not a pleasant sight for those of us with a queasy stomach and a contributing factor to the low turn out at some meals.

To one side of the fo'c'sle was the head, consisting of a miniature commode and wash basin. The head was about the size of a refrigerator. It had a couple of hand-operated pumps and a variety of valves. A number of comical incidents occurred before everyone got the hang of how the pumps worked and became familiar with the correct sequence of opening and shutting the valves.

The engine room contained a 100 horse power Hall Scott gasoline engine that developed a hull speed of 7 ½ knots (about 8 ½ mph).



Tyee Scout

photo by Ken Murdock

This then, was the *Tyee Scout**, moored at Abel's dock on Lake Union where we and our gear were deposited by a couple of dads who had driven us from Astoria to Seattle.

*"Tyee", Indian jargon for "Chief"

MUSTERING THE CREW

We met the ship's company, consisting of four officers (Sea Scout leaders), 19 crew-members, Sea Scouts, and the cook. In addition to the Astorians, there were Sea Scouts from other Portland area ships.

Our skipper was Art Church, a Seattle Sea Scout leader who was familiar with the Inside Passage. In charge of our group was a Portland Scout executive, Lloyd Lille.



The Ship's Company photo by Bob Utzinger

The crew was divided into three sections for the purpose of standing watch. Our watches were generally four hours and we rotated stations; bow watch, wheel watch, engine watch, stern watch at half-hour intervals.

One of the Astorians, Barney Bruce, was designated as the Bos'n of our watch. Occasionally, the Astorians would give him a hard time. Barnard never lost his cool. He would just say, "If my crew won't do it, I'll do it myself." That usually ended it.

DAY 1

LAKE UNION – PUGET SOUND – JUAN DE FUCA STRAIT

Late in the afternoon as the weather became more disagreeable, we cast off from the Lake Union docks, outward bound through the Ballard Locks, which lowered us into Puget Sound. It was “North to Alaska” with our skipper at the wheel as the weather deteriorated with much wind and many white caps.



Rough Seas Ahead

photo by Ken Murdock

After a light supper consisting mostly of beans and coffee, we left the Sound and protection of the Olympic Peninsula and entered the rough waters of Juan De Fuca Strait.

About dusk it was time to go on watch. Our instructions at the wheel were to hold the course and keep a sharp lookout. The rain came in sheets and the sea spray was hitting the pilothouse windows. Although visibility

was limited, there were lights, moving and stationary, of every color and description, in every direction. The bow watch was the most miserable; the driving rain and the chilling wind made for an interminable half-hour. We were off watch at midnight and turned in. By this time, we had entered Haro Strait which was somewhat sheltered by Vancouver Island. These calmer waters enabled us to get a good night's rest.



photo by Bob Utzinger
Art Church -Our Skipper



photo by Bob Utzinger
Lloyd Lille – Our Leader

DAY 2

NANAIMO – QUALICUM BEACH

In the morning, the weather was much improved with clearing skies. We made our first stop in Canada at Nanaimo. We were granted a short shore leave which we used to make some purchases to supplement the ship's fare.

Continuing up the east shore of Vancouver Island we anchored at Qualicum Beach. We went ashore by boat and loaded up on toffee and ice cream.

Later in the evening we weighed anchor and headed north through the Strait of Georgia.

DAY 3

SEYMOUR NARROWS

At dawn we arrived at the entrance to Discovery Passage, passing through Seymour Narrows and over Ripple Rock. The “old salts” aboard had been regaling us with stories about hazardous Ripple Rock ever since we left Seattle.

This was an underwater formation that further restricted the narrow part of the channel at the Narrows; while additionally, the current set the vessel directly over the rock. Particularly at ebb tide, the water raced through the channel at great speed causing whirl-pools, boils and eddies resulting in a difficult and dangerous steering condition. There had been many shipwrecks at Seymour Narrows in the past.

Our skipper timed our departure so that we arrived at Ripple Rock at low water and took the flood through the Narrows. Even so, there were plenty of boils and whirl-pools and every once in a while, the *Tyee* would slip off a boil like it was on ice, resulting in a partial loss of steering. Our officers were calm and confident, even allowing crew members to take the wheel under their close supervision.

Several years after our passage the Canadians tunneled under the Narrows and drilled up into the “Rock” and planted 3000 tons of dynamite. The resulting explosion was the largest man-made explosion up to that time.

Ripple Rock is now a crushed rock bed which has been dredged to a minus 27 feet, but the current will still swirl about and the ebb is violent.

Later on that morning we had our first official inspection by the ship’s officers. These inspections, which were conducted periodically, involved scrutiny of the condition of the *Tyee Scout* from stem to gudgeon, and our personal appearance in uniform.

We set a westerly course through Johnstone Strait, stopping at the small village of Alert Bay at the entrance to Queen Charlotte Strait.

Alert Bay was a genuine Indian residential community with many totem poles and long houses. We had an opportunity to send our first mail back to Astoria at this stop.

Alert Bay has been relocated across the channel and is now a new village supported by fishing and the provincial government. The totem poles and a few long houses still survive at the “old” Alert Bay.

It was cold and wet as we left the village on a northwesterly course through Queen Charlotte Strait into Queen Charlotte Sound.

The sound is open ocean from Hope Island to Cape Calvert, a distance of about forty miles.

We encountered huge Pacific Ocean swells, which apparently had no interference since leaving the Orient. It took us from 8:00 PM to 9:00 AM to pass through the Sound.

Many of the crew were sick, with Murdock and Fearey the Astoria exceptions. Bruce contends he didn't lose his breakfast until we crossed Milbanke Sound, another stretch of open water farther north.

A goodly number of us were at the rail with a green pallor during the crossing. One of our shipmates (not an Astorian) with a perverted sense of humor filled his mouth with crackers and milk and came across the rail and spit it out. That's all it took for most of us.

Previously we had been the recipients of a number of remedies for mal de mer. Horton chose the cup of warm sea water and I elected to give the raw crab prescription a try. The results were disastrous. From then on, we just let nature take its course.



photo by Bob Utzinger

Totem Poles at Alert Bay

DAY 4

QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND - FINLAYSON CHANNEL - GRAHAM REACH

After thirteen hours of heavy pounding we entered calmer waters much to everyone's relief. There was no change in weather; however, it remained bone-chilling cold with heavy rain.

The days were now becoming noticeably longer as we traveled north. Since much of our traveling was done at night we appreciated the extended daylight hours, although we seldom saw the sun. The higher latitude also affected the tidal range, with 14 to 20 feet tides along our route.

There was considerable logging going on, and the logs were rafted to the sawmills. It was common sight to see loose logs up to eight feet in diameter.

We plowed through much drift wood and took a hit from a large, mostly submerged log. Needless to say, from then on the bow watch kept a sharp lookout. We came across a dinghy floating by and picked it up for our use.



Narrow Passage

photo by Bob Utzinger

Transiting Finlayson Channel and Graham Reach, we entered Fraser Reach and stopped at a small isolated community called Butedale. This was

a large herring saltery with many cannery buildings. (Now abandoned). There was a large waterfall just north of the building which provided power and a beautiful setting for this remote and lonely settlement.

Between Fraser Reach and Grenville Channel we crossed Whale Channel where we actually observed a whale spouting playfully. The weather continued bitterly cold with torrential rain.

Grenville Channel provided spectacular scenery. It was a long narrow channel with vertical cliffs on each side rising from the water for several thousand feet. We entered Chatham Sound, past Prince Rupert, which we will visit on our return. We then crossed Dixon Entrance, another stretch of open water, rough and unpleasant.



photo by Bob Utzinger

Smooth Sailin'

DAY 5

BORDER CROSSING AND KETCHIKAN

At 7:00 AM we are awakened by the tooting of the horn, the ringing of the bell and Bos'n's hollering. We had crossed the Alaska-British Columbia border and were back in the USA where the weather was clearing but still bitterly cold.

We arrived at Ketchikan about noon after passing up Revillagigedo Channel. Ketchikan was located on the shore of an island with the same unpronounceable name as the channel. The town had a steamship dock, several large salmon canneries, a few whore houses and a native village with numerous totem poles built along and over Ship Creek.



It was somewhat reminiscent of early day Astoria, with the town backed up against a steep wooded hill, with little flat land, resulting in planked streets set on piling. There were totem poles of every size and description ringing the town. Most of them were at Sayman village, south of town. Ketchikan had to be the totem pole capital of the world, all in all a picturesque spot.

Ketchikan photo by Bob Utzinger

Everyone got in their dress blues to give Ketchikan the once over, except those of us who were on watch. We had lots of visitors who wanted to know all about the *Tyee Scout* and its crew.

A couple of the visitors were especially interesting. They were heavily made-up young ladies who introduced themselves as a “special” Ketchikan welcoming committee; and said they would like to leave their business cards. The scouts from Portland didn’t catch on, but I had been raised in Astoria where everyone knew what went on at the New Richmond Hotel, Anchor Rooms and other establishments on Astor Street. I told the “committee” to contact the officers who were already in town. (The devil made me do it.)

We never got the story on what happened, but the rumor was that the ladies encountered one or more of the officers, with the result that our leaders met with city hall or the police. We received no more visits from the ladies. From then on, our officers kept a pretty watchful eye on us when we had shore leave.

There were several other aspects of Ketchikan we found interesting. First, there were the prices; two bits for a hamburger and the same for a milkshake. This was when you could get a great milkshake in Astoria at Rebe’s or Lawson’s for a dime; and there was a place on Bond Street near the Riviera Theater selling hamburgers (small ones) for a nickel. Indian hand made sweaters sold for \$7.50 in Ketchikan.

We also managed to take in a couple of movies in Ketchikan. We noticed that the Indians sat in the rear of the theater and we sat up front. Previously, we had noticed a similar situation in the restaurants.

Upon making inquiry of some old timers, we were told that the arrangement was necessary because so many Indians had tuberculosis. They were isolated in this manner due to the contagious nature of the disease. This was somewhat confirmed by the man from whom I purchased a native knit sweater. He advised me not to wear it until it had been dry-cleaned as it might have been knit by someone with TB. Be that as it may, it did appear there were elements of racial segregation implicit in the policy.

Because Alaska was a Territory, the federal government had the authority to overrule local laws and conditions of this nature. A year or two later, racial segregation was outlawed in Alaska Territory by federal mandate.

Our original itinerary called for us to visit Wrangell and even Sitka if time permitted. However, it was decided to spend more time at Canadian ports and inlets on our homeward bound leg, and we would continue north of Ketchikan for a ways, but not to Wrangell.



Prepare for Inspection

photo by Bob Utzinger

Late in the afternoon, we were all assembled for an official inspection by the local Sea Scout officials and by the Commanding Officer of the Coast Guard Cutter *Cyane*. We must have passed with flying colors because we all got shore leave until midnight (with the exception of the watch), and we were taken on a sightseeing tour and checked out the local restaurants and movie house.

It was at this time, or maybe on some other watch, that a near catastrophe occurred. The tide in Ketchikan must have been around a twenty-foot fluctuation. We had tied up at a 100-foot floating slip that had three side-by-side gangways to accommodate the condition. One was made of smooth plank for high tide; one had cleats for half-tides, and one had steps for access at low tide.

At high tide, someone on watch set the mooring lines on the dock or piles so that when the tide rushed out and the water receded from the under the *Tyee Scout*, it was in danger of being left high and dry, hanging by the mooring lines in imminent danger of capsizing.

Fortunately, there was a quick thinking crewmember on watch who grabbed an axe and cut the mooring lines, and at the same time kept her from floating away, averting what could have been a real disaster.

DAY 6

NORTH TO WRANGELL – NOT QUITE

We left Ketchikan in a cold rain (is it ever going to stop?), arriving at our fishing ground about 8:00 AM. We fished for about five hours with no luck, other than it was good crabbing. On our way back we stopped at an unnamed cannery town. These remote communities were always pleased to see us. When they heard about our disappointing fishing experience, they gave us some free fish. As we headed back, a school of porpoises acted as an escort, criss-crossing our bow. We stopped at a location called Totem Beach. This was an abandoned early day Indian Camp whose inhabitants had all died of TB. We found many old, old totem poles and discovered a skeleton in one of the burial houses.

Back in Ketchikan in the early evening, once again we were granted shore leave until midnight. So once again we partook of our favorite shoreside activities, restaurant meals and the movies.

DAY 7

DIXON ENTRANCE - PRINCE RUPERT

Our crew all returned from shore leave by midnight and at 1:00 AM we cast off heading south and homeward bound. The porpoises were still escorting us, and the heavy seas and rough water of Dixon Entrance did not bother them a bit.

We arrived at Prince Rupert in the afternoon and were granted shore leave until 11:00 PM. The residents were cordial, friendly and hospitable. They took us for U.S. sailors or midshipmen, which pleased us a great deal. We took in the sights, bought some souvenirs, experienced our first Canadian restaurant food, and went to the movies.

DAY 8
CHATHAM SOUND – CAPE CALVERT

We set out from Prince Rupert at midnight. For the next 24 hours, we retraced our route through inlets, reaches and channels that are not fully appreciated due to the dismal, continuous, chilling rain. Standing watch at the bow is no fun. It is a good time to catch up on sleep and reading.

At one point, we met several large naval vessels traveling at reduced speed. We attempted to contact them with no luck. One of the crew went topside and signaled our identity by semaphore and asked for theirs. We got no response and they soon disappeared from sight.



photo by Bob Utzinger

Are We Under Surveillance?

DAY 9

QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND AND ALERT BAY

Early in the morning, we entered Queen Charlotte Sound again, extremely cold, but clearing. The sun was out by 7:00 AM. It was our first good day and it was greeted with enthusiasm.

We were being pushed along by tremendous, long, high, quartering swells. The boat was really rocking at this point. Down in the trough, there was nothing but green water above and all around us. The *Tyee Scout* was an insignificant little boat in an immense ocean.

We saw a large whale off our port bow and also a number of trollers with poles down.



Taking On Supplies

photo by Ken Murdock

Late in the afternoon, we stopped at Alert Bay again for fuel and a few hours shore leave. The salubrious weather was a welcome change. We met an old Indian carving a totem pole. He told us what the inscriptions meant, and he enjoyed relating the story of his life, which he was carving.

Late in the evening, we left Alert Bay in clear weather and worked our way down to Discovery Passage, retracing our route through Johnstone Inlet and Seymour Narrows. As experienced sailors we took the formidable passage over Ripple Rock with feigned nonchalance.

DAY 10
CAPE MUDGE – JERVIS INLET

Exiting Discovery Passage at Cape Mudge, our south east course takes us through Malaspina Strait with Texada Island on the starboard side and the B.C. mainland on our port.

This is spectacularly beautiful country, with forests of virgin timber. The water is still and cobalt blue.

Occasionally, we would lay to and a few brave souls would dive in for a swim. But the sessions were short; the water feeling like it was a couple of degrees above freezing.

We all had assigned tasks every day. Everything was kept ship shape, ready for inspection at a moments notice.

As mentioned before, there was a large open cockpit at the stern, where we usually ate our meals. After finishing the meal, whoever had the duty, cleaned things up. We had two large galvanized laundry tubs. One was for washing dishes, the other for rinsing.



Ray Horton

photo by Bob Utzinger

One noon I had the clean up duty, and got everything back in the galley except for about half the tableware in the rinse tub. It seemed like a good time to take a break so I cast out a fish line to see if I could catch

something. At this point, the cook, who if memory serves, was an older Sea Scout, stormed out and asked why the dirty dish water hadn't been thrown out. When he saw the fish line, he blew up, and gave an ultimatum that if the dirty water didn't go overboard immediately, I would. It did no good to try to explain, so first the dishwater went over and finally the rinse water and remaining tableware. When the cook saw the flash of the knives, forks, and spoons going overboard there were a number of unprintable remarks directed at me. We ate with fewer utensils until we were able to replace them at Vancouver.



About halfway down Malaspina Strait, we entered Jervis Inlet and proceeded east and north up the inlet, a beautiful stretch of fifty or so miles of some of Canada's most awesome scenery. At the head of the inlet, there was a fork with Princess Louisa Inlet bearing off to the starboard, through Malibu Rapids. The fjord continued between winding steep cliffs terminating with a flat meadow and a large waterfall.

Close Enough to the Waterfall

photo by Ken Murdock

DAY 11

PRINCESS LOUISA'S INLET

Our stay at Princess Louisa was one of the highlights of the cruise with personal observations follows:

Barnard Bruce writes "Princess Louisa is up Jervis Inlet and several reaches to the Malibu Rapids, which is the narrow entrance.

Princess Louisa Lodge was built and owned by a John McDowall, a black sheep son of Scottish ancestry. The Lodge was on a flat meadow off the base of Chatterbox Falls. It was a large log cabin with a big lounge and log settee in front of a huge fireplace. The bulkheads were covered with skins and trophy heads and on each side there was a log stairway leading to the bedrooms in the peak of the house. The galley was all-electric, generated by a water wheel at the falls.

It has since burned down. The place has been dedicated to the Yachting Fraternity and the B.C. government has built a new dock, floats and camping facilities on the old lodge site."

Ken Murdock writes contemporaneously as well, "The Princess Louisa country is the most beautiful I have ever seen (at the ripe old age of 15.) The mountains, the falls, the snow, the clear water, etc. We stopped in the inlet, and visited the lodge and talked to the caretaker. We went swimming and had fun."

Ray Horton reminisces, "At Princess Louisa Inlet I and another member of the crew stayed down at the entrance with the skiff and fished. There were a half dozen seals swimming there. There was a six foot elevation difference between the water surface of the inside and the outside of the outlet except at high and low water when it would even out. We rowed up to the head of the inlet. There was a water fall on the left of the lodge. It was a beautiful setting."

Ed Fearey writes, "It was, and still is, one of the outstanding places on this earth. Beginning with the very narrow entrance-the very deep water-the very steep, high winding fjord back to Chatterbox Falls and all so very beautiful."

We had traded off continuing on to Wrangell in favor of exploring Princess Louisa Inlet. None of us ever regretted it. The inlet was our most memorable stop.

DAY 12
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Then it was back down Jervis Inlet in beautiful weather, entering Malaspina Strait and continuing on through the Strait of Georgia to Vancouver, arriving at 12 noon. We were given shore leave until midnight and made the most of it, visiting Stanley Park and Hastings Park. We found a wonderful restaurant serving oysters, with men waiters in tuxedos and tile floors. Some change from our mess in the cockpit.

DAY 13
VICTORIA B. C.

Departing Vancouver at 2:30 AM our course took us across the Strait of Georgia through Brumby Pass into Haro Strait, past Discovery Island, arriving at Victoria about noon.

We moored in the Inner Harbor in the shadow of the Empress Hotel and the Parliament Building. Beautiful weather and a beautiful city. We are much impressed with the harbor, Parliament Building and the Empress Hotel. We had twenty-four hours here with much shore leave. We swam at the Marine Gardens and meet a group of Sea Cadets (Canadian Sea Scouts) who were very hospitable and from whom we learned a lot about their country. We discovered another great restaurant; the liver and onions were four star.

DAY 14

USA - FRIDAY HARBOR

Leaving Victoria at 11:00 AM, we cruised through the San Juan Islands arriving at Friday Harbor late in the afternoon. We cleared customs in about an hour and then proceeded to Anacortes where we docked over night. Great to be back in the USA!

DAY 15

STRAWBERRY BAY – ROSARIO BEACH

In the morning, shortly after leaving Anacortes, we stopped at Strawberry Bay and went ashore for a ball game and enjoyed some leisure time. In the mid-afternoon, we left the Bay and proceeded to Rosario Beach where we went ashore again for a weenie roast and a Kangaroo Court* was held. Going back to the ship the phosphorescence in the water was so great it was possible to gather it up on our hands.

***No one can remember the sentence of the perpetrator of the crackers and milk caper while transiting Queen Charlotte Sound.**

DAY 16
CAMANO - LAKE UNION

We left Rosario Beach at 11:00 PM to catch the tide at Deception Pass and then anchored at Camano at 1:15 AM. Hauling anchor at 5:00 AM we headed south on Puget Sound passing through Ballard Locks at 10:00 AM to Lake Union after a sixteen-day cruise of 1,637 miles.

Ken Murdock had the final dishwashing duty. His only comment was, "Thank God, I'm not eating from these again."

Relatives and friends were on the dock, ready to take us back to Astoria, where we were anticipating our return to home cooking, and our own beds and bathrooms.



Photo by Bob Utzinger
Two Bucket Bath

We quickly said our good-byes to our shipmates and scattered to the four winds, with special affection and respect for Art Church and Lloyd Lille whom we had come to admire for their competence and leadership.

CONCLUSION

Little did we know that in a few short years the character building aspects of the cruise, discipline, responsibility, dependability, cooperation, consideration for others, optimism, punctuality, and perseverance, would prove to be of great value to all five of us in the armed forces in World War II and that the nautical experience would be valuable as well.

EPILOGUE

Ed Fearey spent summers as a deck hand on the Buoy Tender *Manzanita* on the Oregon and Washington coast and on the Oregon State Fish Patrol Boat. He was in the South Pacific for eighteen months as Chief Engineer on a destroyer escort acting as an escort for Baby Aircraft Carriers.

Ray Horton tried to enlist before WWII but was turned down as colorblind. He was accepted by the Navy after Pearl Harbor and served as sonar man in the Aleutians retaking ATTU and then in the Pacific where his vessel was struck by a Kamikaze.

Barnard Bruce worked for Foss Tug and Barge for 47 years in Puget Sound and Alaska and was a Chief Bos'n's Mate in the Coast Guard stationed on a fire boat at Astoria and Ketchikan, ending the war in the South Pacific as a second officer on a tanker in the Philippine campaigns. He still has a master's and pilot's license and helps out on cruises occasionally; as well as serving as Skipper of the Sea Explorer Ships *Whidby* and *Arthur*.

Ken Murdock served three years on five different merchant ships with the Navy Armed Guard Unit as a radio operator-signalman. Coincidentally, one of the ships was named the *George Flavel*. In 1944, he was on a supply ship at Biak Island shortly after the invasion and was able to spend one night with members of the Astoria National Guard Unit, Company L, and was sad to learn that several of his AHS classmates had been killed in action.

The writer spent the following summer as third mate on the *SSS Lion*, Lloyd Lille skipper, at Camp Merriwether and then spent several summers as a deckhand on the Port of Astoria tug *B.F. Stone* and the dredge *Natoma* on the Columbia and Umpqua. In WWII, he served overseas with

the Army Corps of Engineers as a platoon leader and company commander for two years in England, France and Guam and later in Korea as C.O. of a Brigade Reconnaissance Detachment.

It was gratifying that all five shipmates of the "Great Alaskan Cruise" were able to attend the 60th reunion of the AHS Class of 1939 in Astoria. Memories of that adventure of almost 70 years ago are now in the dim and distant past but the cruise still remains as one of the defining experiences of our lives.

The writer wishes to express appreciation to and acknowledge contributions of his four shipmates, without which this article could not have been written.

the Army Corps of Engineers and various companies
the two points in England, France and Spain and later in Italy and
the Highways Commission.

It was generally held that the importance of the "Great Atlantic Crossing"
was also to connect the two coasts of the Atlantic Ocean in 1919 in America.
The distance of that journey of about 30 years ago was in the first and
distinct part but the result was similar to one of the following experiments of
our time.

The writer wishes to express appreciation to and acknowledge
contributions of his first manuscript without which this article could not have
been written.

